

# FROM CHURCH CHOIR SHE GOES INTO VAUDEVILLE.

**Mrs. Dorlon-Lowe Declares She Will Scrub Before She Will Go Back to the Old Life, Because of the Treatment Singers Receive**

Mrs. Martha Dorlon-Lowe, who will make her first appearance in vaudeville March 11, is to have the largest salary ever paid to a singer on the variety stage.

"I am through with church-singing forever," she said yesterday, as we talked together in her cosy apartment in Brooklyn. Mrs. Lowe had just come in from a visit to the photographer and looked very happy and most attractive in a tailor-made gown of gray broadcloth and a blue silk waist which just matched her eyes.

"I have stayed in a church choir as long as I can and retain one particle of self-respect. If you are unfamiliar with the methods of the usual church music committee my statement in this connection will mean nothing to you. But if you know anything about this matter you will understand that the members of a church choir are treated exactly as though they were of the least importance in the Sunday services, and in fact, in the whole wide world. Now, personally, I must say I have been treated well, but I am resigning just in time to escape this disgraceful treatment. I am going to live free will. From the time I was twelve years old my ambition was to sing in Dr. Storrs' church. I realized that ambition a year previous to the death of Dr. Storrs, whom I loved and revered with all my heart. But after his death I discovered that the new Music Committee was going to treat the members of our choir just exactly as most music committees treat the choirs in the various churches.

"I made up my mind to give up church singing at the expiration of my contract and to scrub, if necessary, before I would ever be a member of a church choir again.

"I was notified last week that a change was to be made and that my services would not be required after May 1. I had already announced my intention of going into vaudeville. When I tell you how the oldest member of our choir has been treated by the church committee, perhaps you will understand my better. This man has been singing at the Church of the Pilgrims for eight years. He is an artist through and through. I personally know that the people admired his work sincerely. Indeed, they couldn't help it. He is simply a superb singer. Well, the Music Committee decided to discharge him, and for three weeks before they told him he was to go they had his successor engaged. 'Want that a contemptible thing to do? I am a church member myself. I shall always love to attend church. But sing again in a church choir, I never will.'

"Do you think you will like vaudeville?" I asked.

"Indeed, I do. I love to sing, and to give dramatic expression to song, when possible. I should have gone into opera, only I have very pronounced ideas about everything. I have always maintained that no woman should go into grand opera after she is eighteen.

"But let me tell you why I am going on the stage. I am to have the largest salary ever paid to a vaudeville singer. Now, the money, as money, doesn't interest me. But as a means of sending my son Sydney through college and to helping a dear old aunt of mine, who is nearly seventy years old and who is about to lose her home, the salary I'm to get is an important factor. All my life has been one struggle to help myself and others. I want to do some good in the world. I love to extend a helping hand to those who are struggling as I have struggled. As a girl I had every wish gratified. My father, Sydney Dorlon, was a rich man, a rich man as every one knows. But I was only ten years old when he died. Later I made an unfortunate marriage. And now I have my two boys to think of and to work for.

"I am going into vaudeville in the very prime of my life. I am in perfect health and spirits and voice. I am taking the very best of me into the new life, and I mean to succeed. I will succeed, and I shall find it brought down on a large scale with a whack.

"My youngest boy is in the navy. He is the first petty officer of his grade. My eldest boy is a fine musician and a great student. Oh, he would go through college if he had to work his way. But the result would be a physical wreck. He is a nervous lad. He shant work his way through college while he has a mother with a voice to sing. I told my mother, every Williams, that I'd like to show my check at the end of the first week to our Church Committee. He laughed and said he hadn't the slightest objection.

"What style of songs are you intending to use?" I asked.

"My first song will be 'Rose Marie.' I'll tell you why. I must always have something which will take me out of myself and away from the audience. I'm awfully peculiar. Now Rose Marie is the name of a faithful and devoted maid who has clung to me ever since my better days in the faraway past. She is more to me now than any friend. Then in this song she is allied to. So while I am singing and getting my bearings, as it were, I shall be thinking of that devoted girl and of my bonny boy at sea.

"My second selection will be Bartlett's 'Dreams.' I am not a spiritualist. Not at all. But I believe somewhere our feelings are known to those who loved to here and who have gone to the great beyond. 'Listen,' and Mrs. Lowe seated herself at the grand piano and sang that exquisite of songs in a deep and thrilling contralto. Her voice is rich and full. From lower D to high B flat is certainly a marvellous range. I spoke of this.

"Members of my family from way, way back have had phenomenal voices. My third song is a little gem. It is a drinking song, set to a delicious melody and given an opportunity for making appropriate gestures. One must be a bit, you know.

"My fourth will be old 'Killarney' if



MRS. MARTHA DORLON-LOWE.

I get so far as that. And here my superstition comes in again. All through my life Irish people have been particularly kind to me, so I'm going to sing the song, old and hackneyed as it is.

"Do you dread the first appearance?" I asked.

"I dread nothing but the make-up," she said. "Of course, one must rouge and powder a little. My mother was a strict Methodist, and I was brought up to think powder a crime. Of course, I've got over that nonsense, but when it comes to rouging for the stage I'm afraid I shall make rather a mess of it."

JANE GORDON.

## CHURCH FACTIONS WAR OVER SINGER.

**One Side Says Pastor Bows to Dictates of Influential Parishioners.**



CHARLOTTE MACONDA.

It is not easy to dismiss a popular singer from a church choir. This has been discovered in the case of Miss Charlotte Maconda, whose services as leading soprano have been dispensed with by the consistory and pastor of the First Reformed Church, of Seventh avenue, Brooklyn. The severance of relations takes place May 1.

The Rev. Dr. Farrar says Miss Maconda leaves because her concert and other outside engagements interfered with her work for the church.

Miss Maconda's friends, on the other hand, assert that she was too popular for her own good. She inspired the jealousy of a certain element in the church, they say, and that proved her undoing. They date her troubles from

the time she complained of being insulted Sunday after Sunday by two young women and their escorts. They belonged to prominent families connected with the church, and their offense consisted of mimicking Miss Maconda while she was singing. Extravagant germines while the singer was taking a high note was the particular thing objected to.

The astonishing charge is made that when Miss Maconda's complaint was made to Dr. Farrar he dismissed it by saying that it would be better to antagonize the soprano than to discipline or rebuke the influential families to which the grimevices belonged.

Both sides agree that Miss Maconda is a young woman of rare talent and unusual graces of person and mind.

## C. M. PULLMAN MAY SOON DIE.

**Shattered in Health, He Is on the Way to Mexico.**

It is thought that the days of young George M. Pullman are numbered. He is now on his way to Mexico for the benefit of his shattered health, but so serious is his condition that it is doubtful if he ever recovers.

Pullman, it is said, is suffering from locomotor ataxia and a general breakdown of health.

Since his most recent escapade—his adventures with the Bowers family—lived at the Victoria Hotel, in this city, but so ill did he become that his mother, from whom he had been estranged, sent him to California.

This was about a month ago. Reports from that State are that his health was in no way benefited, and now he has started for Mexico.

## SURPRISE PARTY PROVED FATAL.

**Leo Morgenstein Was Among the Surprised and His Heart Failed.**

The excitement of a social evening at his club and the pleasure of a surprise party in which his wife was one of the leaders, proved the death of Leo C. Morgenstein, of No. 101 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

At 3 o'clock this morning Mr. Morgenstein, with his wife, sang a pairing song at the rooms of the Doctors' Bowling Club, at Ritting's Hall, in Floyd street, and an hour later he was dead.

The bowling club of which he was a member had a match game last night, and died before medical aid reached him. He was a druggist and lived with his wife and two children near his store at No. 101 Myrtle avenue.

# MRS. NATION NOT TO SMASH HERE.

**She Tells of Her Plans in a Letter to The Evening World.**

In reply to a telegram from The Evening World, Mrs. Carrie Nation has sent a letter saying that she will not "smash" in New York. She says:

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 23, 1901.

Kind Friend—In reply to your inquiry will say that I am at present under arrest in this city, and as my trial will not take place until April or later you will realize that I am not in position to make any plans or statement as to my future course. I have never had any intention of smashing saloons in States where they are licensed and therefore entitled to legal protection. Yours for the cause.

MRS. CARRIE NATION.

## SAYS BRIDE IS HELD BY HER PARENTS.

**Young Lawyer Fighting for Possession of His Wife—Gets Habeas Corpus Writ.**

Louis McGlynn, a young lawyer, of No. 175 Broadway, has secured a habeas corpus for the production of his bride in the Supreme Court before Justice Gaynor in Brooklyn. The lawyer declares that his wife is held a prisoner by her father, Edward Moore, President of the New York and New Jersey Transportation Company.

Mr. McGlynn's family declares that she will not return to her husband. They deny that she is a prisoner or under any restraint and say that she will have nothing to do with the man who married her under the pretense that he was a young man of means.

Mr. Moore is wealthy. He lives in a handsome brownstone house at No. 111 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn.

In this house McGlynn alleges his wife has been locked up for weeks and he has not been allowed to see her or to communicate with her. It was after her that the young lawyer applied to Justice Gaynor and secured the writ of habeas corpus.

Mr. Moore is ill at present and cannot be seen. This statement was made at the Moore home by a young woman, said to be Mrs. McGlynn's sister.

"It is untrue that Mary is a prisoner here," she said. "The ceremony took place here. She married Mr. McGlynn on Jan. 1. They have never lived together, not even for an hour. McGlynn left the house immediately after the ceremony and she has not seen him since."

"He married her under false pretenses. He lives with his mother at Stamford, Conn., and he pretended to be well-to-do. McGlynn had no money at all. He did not even have enough to pay for the wedding. McGlynn left no tickets for the trip. When he tried to borrow money from Mr. Moore his wife decided to give him up, and he was directed to the door."

"She has been living here willingly ever since the ceremony. McGlynn is her husband. She has no desire to see him again. We may make a full statement later, but just now we prefer to let Mr. McGlynn do the talking. I do not know much about the young man."

**Mr. McGlynn's Story.**

That certain circles of Brooklyn society will be interested when the bride comes between young McGlynn and his father-in-law are brought out in court seems certain from what Mr. McGlynn told an Evening World reporter today.

Mr. McGlynn, who is a tall, handsome young man, thirty years old, is dressed with a low, well-modulated voice, and wears eye-glasses from which dangle a

gold chain, and his dark-brown mustache curls at the ends. He is frank and earnest in what he says.

"When I do not care to go into details about my difference with Mr. Moore and other members of his family, I will say that it is true that I got my wife, who is held by her father, while he was formerly a prisoner at the Supreme Court judges."

"There will also be two other suits growing out of this affair. By the way, Mr. McGlynn, my father-in-law, suddenly asked Lawyer McGlynn, 'No! Well, then I'll tell you. He is a law man who knows it all. He knows more law than the Supreme Court judges.'"

**Had Money Enough.**

"It is true that I married his daughter on Jan. 1. But I am not true. I had not money enough to take her. I had railroad tickets and rooms engaged at the beach, Florida, and her father well enough to go away, that the doctor sent at first, but finally did on my wife's account."

"We lived at No. 111 Prospect Park five weeks when Mr. Moore, for some reason, when one night returned home and was met by Mr. McGlynn, my head on my left. Since then I have written to my wife, but have not received an answer."

"Yes, we were happy together, but her sister Margaret didn't like me. She's the one who says I didn't have any money."

"There will be no divorce. My suits are against my father-in-law. He is a wealthy man. He lives in a \$50,000 house, and if he wants to fight, why, I'll give him all he wants. What I want is my wife."

Mr. McGlynn also said that he would have a writ of habeas corpus, before, only he had been deterred by the death of a relative at Stamford, Conn., where he formerly lived.

**Engaged at Ashbury Park.**

He first met his wife (formerly Mary Moore) in September, 1899. He courted her continually until July, when he went with her to Ashbury Park, N. J., in company with one of his sisters. There they became engaged to be married on Jan. 1, last.

The marriage, which was celebrated at St. Augustine's Church in Brooklyn, was a fashionable event. The bride's suit was of the latest fashion, and she acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Moore gave his daughter away.

Since the wedding none of the friends of young Mrs. McGlynn remember having seen her outside of her father's house. They said that she had gone to live at Stamford with her husband.

# CUBAN BRIDE RETURNS TO JEALOUS HUSBAND.

**Mrs. Emile Cassi Oddly Disappears from Her Home, but Yields to Cassi's Entreaties to Return to Him.**

**Couple Met When Cassi Was First Violin, and After Many Adventures He Won the Lovely Cuban.**

There was tremendous excitement in the flat house No. 24 West Ninety-ninth street from 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon until 9 o'clock to-day.

Emile Cassi, a first violin of Paris, a soldier of the Foreign Legion of France, a ranchman of Arizona, a Rough Rider of the Spanish war, a policeman of Havana and goodness knows what not else, had lost his wife.



MR. CASSI.

But suddenly the excitement ceased, for she who had fled had returned; she, who was lost was found. She, the wife, Colocla, after spending the night with friends, concluded she loved the first violin, and at 1 o'clock this afternoon he brought her back to the boudoir flat which had been the scene of so much anguish.

She is young, beautiful and spirited. She is a descendant of Cuban revolutionary heroes, and she married Cassi under very romantic circumstances.

**Said He Was Jealous.**

But she ran away from home yesterday afternoon, telling her white-haired mother, the Senora Fernandez y Cepedes, that she could no longer stand the inordinate jealousy of Sig. Cassi, and that she, Colocla Fernandez y Cepedes, had decided to move.

She left the house. This was at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. An hour later Sig. Cassi returned. He is employed by a secret service bureau of some kind. His mother-in-law told him tearfully that Colocla had gone. He wept. He raved. He threw things around. Tenants of the flat below began to be alarmed when the plaster began to fall. To their anxious inquiries Cassi explained his emotion tersely.

"Colocla has gone," he said, and they understood, for they knew that he loved her devotedly and often noisily.

When his emotion was somewhat spent Sig. Cassi called a cab and drove to the home of every one who had thought might be sheltering Colocla. All in vain. Colocla was not to be found.

**Could Not Find Colocla.**

At 4 o'clock this morning the cab halted in front of Police Headquarters. Sig. Cassi burst into the sergeant's office. "Colocla has gone!" he shouted. Thereupon a general alarm was sent



MRS. EMILE CASSI.

out for Colocla, and Sig. Cassi was driven back to the little nest on Ninety-ninth street, where he found a group of Cuban patriots, all of whom had known Colocla.

Sig. Cassi went a little more, and then returned. The Cuban patriots gravely discussed the situation for an hour or more and then they, too, retired.

Shortly before 3 A. M. to-day there came a soft peal on the Cassi bell. Soft though it was, it aroused the signor. Rushing into the hall he beheld a great, rude man, with a heavy black mustache, who said he bore a note for the Senora Fernandez y Cepedes.

"Give it to me!" cried the signor, snatching it from the hand of the astonished man.

It was from Colocla.

"The signor, according to the neighbors who were gathered on every landing, was his hair for several minutes uttered wild cries in the Latin tongue, and then dashed into his apartments, emerging therefrom a few minutes later accompanied by the Senora Fernandez y Cepedes. They had not returned at 3 o'clock this afternoon, but as the signor handed his mother-in-law into a cab he said:

"That I am on the track of Colocla!"

And the janitor, to whom the remark was addressed, offered him congratulations.

**A Marriage of Romance.**

The story of the courtship and marriage of Sig. Cassi to the beautiful Colocla is one which sent the Sunday newspapers into paroxysms of delight a year ago. Colocla was beautiful, and the signor was a Cuban hero. Colocla had nursed the wounded and had softened the dying moments of the stricken on the battlefields of Cuba.

The signor, while leading the Rough Riders up the far-famed hill of San Juan, his bugle sounding in the ears of Col. Roosevelt in clarion tones, fell wounded by a Mauser bullet.

It was Colocla who bound up the wound, and it was she who fed him beef tea and stroked his fevered brow with gentle touch during the days of his

convalescence. And when the signor, in his impassioned Italian tones, asked her to be his, the signorita whispered back a timid, but ineffably tender "yes."

**He Killed His Man.**

The war over the signor went to Havana and became a lieutenant of police. The preparations for his marriage to Colocla were completed. The ceremony was to be performed on a Thursday.

On Wednesday the signor, on duty in front of the Hotel Inglaterra, saw an intoxicated Cuban attempt to shoot an unarmed citizen. The signor sprang forward and warned him. The Cuban turned the revolver on the lieutenant of police and shot at him. The bullet was wild, and the lieutenant drew his own weapon, fired, and the Cuban was no more.

He was lodged in prison, charged with murder, but the love of Colocla was stronger, and true. She went to the prison next day and was wedded to the brave signor by an American priest. No Cuban priest would perform the ceremony because the signor had killed a native.

**A Honeymoon in Jail.**

For eight months the signor stayed in jail, but it was a honeymoon, for Colocla was allowed by the authorities to live with her Emile in a small room just off the warden's office. There they cooked and ate their meals and drank their "Vermouth Americano." Finally the signor was set at liberty, wholly exonerated, and they came to New York.

Colocla, it should be said, is American born, but has a rich blood as ever came from the Pearl of the Antilles. Her father was the founder of the city of Manzanilla; her cousin was the famous Gen. Demetrio Castillo, and her uncle, Salvador Cisneros, President of Cuba.

As for the signor, he was born in Monte Carlo.

When the signor and Colocla had again settled down to their married life, he refused themselves to all callers. Even Detective Walsh, who had spent a sleepless night looking for Colocla, was denied all information.

"It's nobody's business but our own," the signor shouted down the speaking tube.

## READ SAD POEM; TOOK TWO LIVES.

**Children Heard Father Count Three Before Killing His Wife.**

SAVANNAH, Feb. 22.—Insanity is given as the cause of the murder of Mrs. Aiken by her husband, Dr. William F. Aiken, who was formerly connected with the Health Department of New York City. After he had shot his wife Dr. Aiken blew out his own brains and died beside her body.

The doctor, who was an eye and ear specialist, lived in a fashionable part of the city. His eleven-year-old son, Conrad, rushed into the police station near the Aiken home early yesterday and said that his father had killed his mother. Mrs. Aiken was found on the floor with a bullet through his temple.

Three children, terror-stricken, were in the adjoining room.

The children heard a quarrel. Then they heard their father count three and fire. Again he counted three and fired on the third count.

The following is a poem found on Dr. Aiken's table:

**ISOLATION.**

When my naked soul shall feel  
Primal darkness softly steal  
Close, closer all about,  
Blotting all the light of living out,  
Take a garment soft and warm,  
Grateful to my shrinking form,  
Promise of the welcome sleep  
Free of dreams and oh! so long and deep;

When the mother angel Rest  
Gently folds my weary breast,  
How far off and dim will be  
All these joys and pains 'twixt thee and me.  
Naked then my soul shall feel  
Primal darkness softly steal  
Closer, closer all about,  
Miserable light of living out.

This was the third attempt of the doctor to take his life and the second time he tried to kill his wife.

Mrs. Aiken was Miss Anna Kempton Potter, of New Bedford, Mass. She was talented and wealthy.

**Postmaster Arrested.**

BRIDGTON, Feb. 22.—Vincent Tubman, Postmaster at Bridgton, Me., has been arrested by the Post-Office officials, charged with being short in his accounts about \$600.

## EX-ARMY OFFICER KILLS HIMSELF.

**John Hunt Jumps from a Fifth-Story Window to His Death.**

John Hunt, forty-one years old, who said he was an ex-lieutenant of the United States army, killed himself early today by jumping through the airshaft of No. 106 West One Hundred and First street from the fifth floor. He fell on his head.

Hunt lived with the family of Albert Karl on the top floor.

To the Karl and to every one in the neighborhood he was a great deal of a mystery. He gave little information about his family beyond saying that his father and mother were both dead, and that he had a sister living somewhere in the city. His father and mother, he said on one occasion, had both died insane.

That he had been in the army there was little doubt. He showed the utmost familiarity with the service, but never would tell what regiment he had served in.

He never worked and always had money. He drew a good pension, he said, having been retired for disability.

His mother was of German and usually took a long walk each day. For several days he had complained of feeling ill, but yesterday took his walk as usual and returned in time to take supper with the family.

He retired about 9:30 o'clock to his room in the center of the flat. Hunt's bed backed onto the airshaft window, the upper part of the window just clearing the bedstead.

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## WIFE DIED AS HUSBAND SLEPT.

**Mrs. Jungwirth Committed Suicide After a Quarrel with Him.**

After a quarrel with her husband and in despair because of their poor circumstances, Mrs. Jungwirth, a handsome girl with large dark eyes, masses of raven black hair and the figure of a goddess, died at Bellevue Hospital at 6 o'clock. She lived with her husband, Charles Jungwirth, at his home, No. 56 Seventh street. He has locked himself in his room and will not see any one.

The couple had been married four years. Mrs. Jungwirth was a handsome girl with large dark eyes, masses of raven black hair and the figure of a goddess. The husband is in his thirties. He worked at various occupations, but at none was he a success.

Mrs. Jungwirth went out last night and did not return until 3 o'clock this morning. She was found by her husband, who was waiting for her and reproached her for being out until such a late hour. She had been drinking. She had expressed his feelings he went to bed, leaving his wife in the kitchen. She had been drinking. She had expressed his feelings he went to bed, leaving his wife in the kitchen.

She went to the kitchen and drank the acid.

A few minutes later Jungwirth was aroused by his wife's groans. He found her in agony in the kitchen. Beside her on the floor was the empty bottle.

Jungwirth called for help and the woman was sent to Bellevue, where she died.

**DUG UP SKULLS IN BOWERY.**

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 22.—Major Lyndon Lardner fell down the stoop of his home to-day and died later with a fractured skull. He was about sixty years old. Major Lardner was acting Assistant Paymaster in the United States Army during the Civil War from Dec. 6, 1862 until Dec. 24, 1864.

## SAT IN WINDOW TO END HIS LIFE.

**Gruesome Spectacle Seen by Passers on the Bowery.**

Seated in a chair, that had been pulled over to a window so that its occupant could see and be seen from the street below, Albert Bernstein fired a bullet through his heart to-day.

The act was done in his room at the Occidental Hotel, Bowery and Broome streets.

Bernstein was a showman, and for years past had taken out anatomical exhibitions over the country fair circuit. During the winter months he conducted resorts on the Bowery. He was a married man, his wife and three children lived at No. 22 West One Hundred and Twelfth street, but at times he would leave home for weeks and reside at Bowery hotels.

He went to the Occidental Hotel a week ago. His health was poor, but he was preparing to take a show out on the road.

Bernstein was seen about the hotel as late as midnight. Some time later he went to his room and made careful preparations for death. He shaved and dressed in his best suit of clothes. Then he drew his armchair over to the low, old-fashioned hotel window and looked out on the lights and the folly of the Bowery.

It was characteristic of the man that he drew aside his clothing when he pressed the revolver to his bosom, and the hand that steadied the muzzle of the weapon held a towel to catch the flow of blood. His garments were neither soiled nor stained by the shot.

**Killed by a Fall from Bed.**

MILWAUKEE, N. Y., Feb. 22.—William B. Miller, a prominent resident of Walkkill, fell out of bed to-day and sustained injuries from which he died. He was eighty-three years old.